beginning to be clothed in green. The editor confesses that every year the intention develops of looking into the unfolding of the leaves. As usual the intention has come to naught for one morniser than before.

The consequence is that a brand new intention is taking the direction of natudy which properly pursued, is pposed to endow one with all kinds of owledge, including even the manner put on, over their heads.

ing of the trees and nature-study to spend his time during every

Beethoven often went to the park when most beautiful music was composed. He sometimes a symphony, sometimes a

DO YOU THINK ENOUGH OF YOURSELF

of us have some friend among equalitances who, as the children it. "thinks too much of herself." utiliful knowledge that she is right e everything is her leading cintae. It, and because of this self-confight is anything but a nice girl to

she is anything but a nice girl to a sa general rule, perhaps there ar too many girls who err the other. That humility which we are at implored to cultivate has with them too much of a habit. The girl lacks self-confidence may have very ng conversational gifts, which others have an opportunity to enjoy beshe dare not make use of herr. Many a girl, took is afraid to the initiative in any question, thought udgment is invariably right. How of us have friends who spend their in some inferior position because think so little of themselves, and dare not aspire to a higher post, one is continually meeting, the who makes terrible mistakes simply

le one is continually meeting this who makes terrible mistakes since the survey of her own mind.

Course its difficult to hit that hap-dividing line, which separates every use from its corresponding viec. At same time in a good many families "sitting-on" process, which is required in older to destroy cornect too n destroys also the self-contidence, th does so much towards success in world.

SCHUYLER BRISTOW, Locust Hill, Va.

GWIN.

GWIN.

Everyone pitied Mrs. Carter whenGwin died. Of course, every mother issympathized with on the loss of a chifd,
but Mrs. Carter was so young, only twenty-eight, and Gwin was leer only child.
Gwin was ten when she died.
The Carteris were very rich people.
Mrs. Carter had been a governess when
but seventeen years of age. Mr. Carmet her and both fell in love at first
gight. Their married life was very hapmy, and both father and mother humored
Gwin's every whin.
Then came that terrible disease, pneumonin, and as "death loves a shining
mark," Gwin was soon carried away to
her home on high.
After this Mrs. Carter never received
any company, or called on anyone, She
often sat before the picture of the dead
girl, thinking of the happy days gone
by.
Her husband did everything he could

thinking of the happy days gone r husband did everything he could omfort, but she grew pale and thin, e day Mrs. Carter happened to be in hall when the door bell rang. A ant answered the call, and the door led. She heard someone say. "Please me something to eat?"

3. Carter went to the door, and there saw a little girl, or albut Gwin's age heart went out at once to the poor thing. Sho asked the girl is her mis were living, and the girl said she will will a cruel woman that her passed the tree and the child at once, after that regained her good health.

E. LINWOOD LEHMAN.

APRIL FOOL.

"Good-bye," hollored aunty as she crossed the street "Good-bye," answered little Johnny. He was a little tot about four years old and was unusually small

years on a sage.

/ it was the first day of April and iy began to think of what he could fool the family. A thought soon into his head, and it did not take long to put it into action.

y had a very pretty little puppy, they kept out of doors in a house

which they kept out of doors in a house which they had built for him.

Johiny look the dog out and got into the house himself.

Soon the baker came, and thought that the dog was so pretty that he picket him p and put him in the basker which he carried on his arm.

A liftle while afterward Johnny's mother went to look for him and she remembered seeing the baker pick up something and put into his backet, and she at once

NATURE STUDY FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear Children of the Club:

Dear children of the Club:

Since the editor last wrote you the leaves have come out and the trees are basinging to be clothed in green. The puppy:

Johnny's home, stopped and houppy, "April fool," cried the baker; "April fool," cried the baker; "April fool," cried Johnny, as he poked his head out of the dog house, and all joined in a hearty laugh.

LUCY BEVERIDGE LEAKE,
Description of the baker, by Boilingbrook St., Petersburg, Va.

AT THE DOOR.

The sound of singing issued from the big-stone church as Maggie and Tillic came-opposite, their bare legs showing blue with cold below their ragged called skirts.

opposite, their bare legs showing blue with cold below their raged called skirts. "Let's go and peck in!"

They stole cautiously up the steps and through the vestibulte. A burst of song litred them inxide, and they slipped into a back new. The church was nearly filled with women in richly-hued gowns. The air was warm and heavy with perfume. When the music coased a woman on the platform began to talk. She was very beautiful, her face alight with estrectioning, but the little street girls gave more heed to the blue skirt that fell, to her feet in soft curves and then swept out in a graceful train. Suddenly Maggie started. The lady was talking about them!

"But, my friends, while we are supporting these girls in tar-away India we must not forget the children at our doors. They are cold, they are hingry, they are [gnorant; we must warm and feed them, we must guide them into upward paths."

As the speaker went on the little ones fright changed into joy. These were not words to fear. The beautiful lady said that they were cold and hungry. Maggie wandered how she knew. She said they must feed them. Oh, if they would! And mother, poor sick mother and baby, they were so hungry. But now they were going to have something to act.

(To be Continued Next Sunday,)

EENQRA JACOBS, 922 Brook Avenue, Richmond, Va.

SHADOW.

SHADOW.

Shadow is the sister of Lecho. She was once a Tovely malf, who thought that no one lad ridgue half so nice as here. She would always try to mock every one that she saw. One day while she was walking along she saw an ugty old alump. She hegan to try to change like the stump, when to her dismay she found that down on the ground was an exact likeness of the stump in a much darker shade than the sun cast. She was delighted, thinking that the sun was warm she fitted to the trees, making shade for the horses, cows and all the animals that like it. The was doing so much more good as shade than when she was a girl that she decided to be shade as long as she could. Don't you think that for once mocking things shade.

SALLIE M. JEFFRIES.

BOTH, VA.

SARAH SWIFT.

SARAH SWIFT.

Sarah Swift sews seams swiftly. She saw some stylish serge samples. Sarah sared six samples, sarying she would secure a stylish serge suit shortly. Sarah sewed steadily seven Saturdays. She stitched such satisfactory, salable skirts she soon sawad sufficient sliver. Sarah sturted shopping. She strolled slowly six squares. Seeing several stores similarly situated she said softly. 'South Street.' So Sarah Swift selected serge sewing silk-alx spools. Sleepy Sarah sewed serge slowly. Soon sleepy Sarah slept soundly. Sarah's sister Susan soon sewed six seams. Sarah startled, surprised, sat staring seeing sister. Susan sewing seams swiftly. Sarah said, "Sweet sister Susan swiftly. Sarah said, "Sweet sister Susan, sitting sewing; selfah Sarah seeping:" Sister Susan, smiling, said, "Supper Sarah." Sarah soon spread supper. Salad, sainon, sandwiches, steaming soup, sister. Smean saw. She stopped sewing, Sumptuously she supped. Stylish serge satisfactorily sewed. See sweet Sarah strolling slowly, smilling sweetly.

BERNARD FORBES.

OUR PRESENT FLAG.

OUR PRESENT FLAG.

On July 2d, 176, the American Congress declared the right of the colonists to be free and independent. On July 4th, of the same year the Declaration of Independence was adopted, but the country was without a representative flag until June, 1777. Then Congress declared the mational flag to be "hirteen str. pes, seven red and six white, with the an white stars on a blue field." This flag it is said, was made under Washington's supervision in a house in Philadelphia, by a wilcow named Betsy Ross.

When Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union two stripes and two sinrs were added. When Illnois was admitted in 1818, there were twenty States in the Union, and people realized that the flag, if enlarged by stripes as each State entered, would lose its beauty and become too large. In April, 1809, Congress passed a law that the national flag should be "thirteen horizontal stripes, alternating, red and wilder, with twenty stars, while on a blue fleid, and that every new State admitted should be "epresented by an additional star on the flag of the Union."

By HESTA D, HOBSON.

By HESTA D. HOBSON.
2 Government Road, City.

AFTER THE RAIN.

On the path that reach to school, Water stands, a little pool; Stepping high, across we pass, And see our faces in a glass.

Middy, though, our feet may be, We are glad the drops to see, Saying welcome, merry rain, Do not fail to come again!

Cities may not like the rain; Farmers smile when they complain; Knowing well that for the wheat, Barley, corn and hay fields sweet.

Rain must fall on many days.

So we sing our song of praise; Sayling welcome, merry min, Do not fall to come again. R. N. GARY. Wakema, King William county, Va.

1 THE YOUNG BRIDES-MAID

CLEVER DRAWINGS BY CLUB MEMBERS.



THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

My first is in errow also in sparrow.

My second is in perchi but not in birch.

My third is in rain but not in pain.

My fourth is in in but not in beec.

My fifth is in letter but not in beec.

My fifth is in letter but not in belty.

My saventh is in folly but not in Molly.

My saventh is in moon also in spoon.

My clinth is in brook also in look.

My ninth is in loon but not in moan.

My whole is a certain day on which we have some fun and play.

EMPLY G. HAYLL.

Answers to Puzzles. HALF SQUARE.

L H 2. to 3. you 4. to es 5. House MARIAM ALLEN TURNER. Flint Hill, Va.

Because it is always Dublin

1. Because it is always Dublin (dubling).
2. Wheelbarrow.
3. In the dark.
4. When it begins to shoot.
5. The word "and!"
6. When it is turned into a field.
7. For every grain they give a peck.
3. Because it has a spring in it.
10. A barrel.
11. Watch.
12. Because its sun (son) never sets.
12. Because it is in the middle of Greace.
14. An orphan.

W. B. SIMS, JR.

Maxwelton, Va.

Answers.

1. Two Ts (to tease).
2. He gets his grub by the plough,
3. Bank motes, and they make (four) for

Because It is always in fun. 5. A muggy day.
6. When he is within the pound.
7. Torture.

RUTH OLIVER.

Answers.

He carried the goose over first, and left the fox with the cern, then went back after the fox, landed him, but carried the goose back with him, and took the corn across and left it with the fox, and then went back after the goose.

By EVELUN E. DYKE.

No. 223 W. Queen Street, Exampton, Va. Answers.

1. Because we must all give it up.
2. When its soldiers are all in quarters.
3. Because if she isn't well stamped the mulis (males) wont have her.
4. Because a "Yankeo Doodle" do (Yankeo Dude 'Il do).
5. Two lips (hilps).

WILLIAM DAVIS.

A MEXICAN LEGEND

(Continued.)

On reaching the city. John went straight to the bishop, and bumbly related what the Blessed Virgin had confided to him. The bishop listened with attention, but he put him of and bade him come again.

John returned homeward, feeling very sad. When he reached the place of the vision he saw our Blessed Mother waiting for him. He was not surprised, and going up he threw himself at her feet and told her of his want of success.

The Blessed Virgin listened with Idndness and told John that sile had millions of angels at her command, but sile had chosen him her faithful servant for this work.

She ordered him to return to the bishop and repeat the message. Foor John told, her he was afruid it would be uscless, but promised to obey.

He went to Mexico the next day, and in simple manner told the bishop he had seen the Blessed Virgin a second time and she had again commanded to have a church built in her honor.

(To Be Continued.)

JENNIE MONTAGNA.

A TRUE STORY

OF TWO BEARS

HERTIE AND McKIVOR.

CHAPTER I.

On a beautiful country place not far from Richmond, were two pet bears, whose names were McKivor and Berlie, When they were cubs they were very playful and would roll themselves up him a big black would rush up a tree that had been put in their quarters, and McKivor would sirly creep up behind her and cutch hold of her foot and pull her back.

back.

After getting her down as little way, he would let go, and up she would go again. Again he would go after her.

This sport they would leep up for hours, it was very amusing to the owner, who would watch them from his windows,

(To he Continued.)

ELLA M. LEIBIEGER,

JACK RABBIT.

The first thing I can remember about myself was when I was a tiny little thing in the bed with my sisters and brothers and my mother. When I grow large I had to find my own food. One morning when the snow was on the ground and I was after something to cat I saw the cutest little house, I went in and my sooner was I in the house than the door fell with a beng. I was dreadfully exceed. At last I heard footsteps and then somethody opened the door, it was a little girl. When she saw how

scared/ was she let me go. Away I ran, never stopping until I came to the house of the Fairy, I asked her to grant me one wish. She said she would. Then I said cast a spell over me so can't anything get me. She said go and get a piece of pareley and boil it and put a drop on your ear and you shall be free Talleysville. Va. Talleysville, Va.

A FAIRY TALE.

(Continued from Last Week.)

White violet, and as soon as morning comes call her and Susan near you and throw this violet at them and say: "I have been ruled by you long enough and now I will rule you; you stifall both be flery serpents to the end of your days, and will always be despised."

"The reart morning Arabella did just as the fairy had told her. She hit the witch in the middle of her ugdy eye and then his Busan and repeated what the fairy had told her. The witch nathered a cry of rage and three which nathered a cry of rage and three wher wand at Arabella, but alast it was too late. They were both changed to flery sorpents, crawling off to the woods as fast as they coud go.

Them the good fairy came to Arabella and said: "My child, you have been very brave, and now I will give yon your reward. I looked all over the world for you, and one day, the witch enchanted me and brought me here. I will now take you home to my beautiful castle." With this site tapped a tiny silver bell, and in a moment a beautiful charlet, drawn by six white horses appeared. She and Arabella stepped in and were isoon at the beautiful castle, where they lived happily ever afterward.

LOUISE HARRISON M'CRAW.

SOME ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Fine is the work of Miss Nannie Bristow, And Payson Bruce keeps the club on the go;
And Percy Landram, a fine artist is he
Doing his best for the T, D. C. C.

R. W. Allen, he is all right, A. W. Anen, ne is all right, And Miss L. Kennedy is just out of sight; James Cecil, he is a writer fine, And Miss Litey Leake can please you every time.

There's Albert L. Jeffreys, he has a skill-ful hand,
And for the T. D. C. C. he does the best,
he can;
A very interesting fairy tale Miss Firesheets has begun;
The drawings of Miss Nora Potts are
beautifully done.

And best of all, our editor,'
A fine fellow is he;
And now I'll close with best wishes
For the jolly T. D. C. C.
FRANK B. ROBERTS, Jr.
Chase City, Va.

HOOKEE-WOOKEE-WEE.

There was once a curious old Chinese, Whose name was Hookee-Wookee-Wee; Never a man was so fond as he, So very remarkably fond of teal

At last this queer old Chinaman full a very peculiar kind of fad That he was a toapet, he made no doubt And he called to his friends to pour him out.

"Will nobody pour me out, I say?
For, oh dear me, I'm bolling away;
And tea is spollt if it's left to stand,
But be exercial, do, or you'll burn your
hand:"

Truly, indeed, it was sad to see The whimsteal ways of that old Chinese, For when it was time to go to bed He planted himself on the hob instead. EDDIE H. SMITH, No. 603 N. Fourth St., Richmond, Va.

MY RAG DOLL.

They have kicked me under the sofa, The buby's been chewing my hand, The does and the cats all claw me, And I never know where I will land.

They throw me around in the attic, They'll not any care of me take, It's good for me I'm not china, If I was I am sure I would break,

I guess it's a good thing for me That I haven't a single bone, Nor a china face, nor a curly wig, Nor the things most other dolls own.

There's Jumbo, baby's rag elephant, I met him the other day; He has a worse time than I do, And I guess we will both run away, By ELIZABETH REID, 23 E. Canal Street.

THE SCHOOLROOM CLOCK.

I was made in Massachusetts and I laid on a shelf a long time. Alas, a man came and took we away I was huag on the wall in a large school room. I Zun made out of pretty wood. I have got hands and springs, so I can tell time. I have got a pendulum that works backwards and forwards. I can say tick and I can tell time; my hands point at the figures on my face. I can see the children studying their lessons and some of them are playing while they ought to be studying their lessons. The children go home at two d'clock and I am by myself until the next morning.

By RUTH STANSBURY. By RUTH STANSBURY,

OUR FLAGS.

The mayy's flag is the Union Jack, it files from the bow of the boat; Walle high at the stern, and farther back, Our Stars and Stripes must float. The Union Jack is royal blue, With a Star for Every State, And when these clustered Stars we view, We know with we are great.

1017 W. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Letters From The Children

will also find some drawings by my strothers. They are so anxious to get a reference.

Your member.

NANNIE L. BRISTOW.

Locust Hill, Va.

Dear Editor.—I thought I would write again as the members are improving so much in the T. D. C. C. Cub. I certainly am glad to see the spring, because it is such a nice season. I like spring and fall better than I do any other season. In spring all the trees begin to bloom and fill the air with their sweet oder from their clear blossoms, and the pretty birds fill the air with their sweets songs of melody, and the grass creeps from the ground to peep at the world, the flowers bloom so pretty, and the streams and brooks begin to run with their swiftest speed after being still and motionless in the cold, snowy winter. I suppose most everyone is glad to see the "Good old Summer time."

With best wishes to all the children, so will be the cold summer time."

Very respectfully.

Truett, Va. LUCLLE PROWDER,

Dear Editor,—I was very pleased to se my drawing and story in the paper. I wrote the story on the Natural Bridge and you have made a mistake about our names.

names.
In the prize-winners' contest you had Namy W. Jordan wrote the Natural Bridge story, but she wrote about poor Hans and Fritz. I thought I would write to see if you made a misrake.

Yours truly,

KATIE FORD,

39 North Nineteenth Street, City.

Dear Editor,—I am certainly glad to see our club getting larger every week, and more interesting too. I am ashamed of myself for not having written before now, but have just not had the time to do so. I send in three pieces, which I hope will escape the waste basket. I am going to see if I can't get some more members, and then I think that you ought to gle us two pages. I am going to write to you and tell you what I did on April Fool's Day and Easter. I will have to leave off here, as I haven't any more news to tell.

A member,

HESTA HOBSON,

2 Government Road, City.

P. S.—Send me a badge.

P. S.—Send me a badge.

Dear Editor.—I am so much obliged to you for putting my story in the paper. I am so glad that spring is coming. I think that I am always ready for each season that comes. Each one brings more pleasures, but believe I do like the spring best. I think that the pictures or drawings are better than they have ever been. I hope that Miss Louise Kennedy will draw something every week. I have a large book that I am pasting pictures, stories and puzzles of the T. D. C. C. in. I hope you will put the story that I send in the paper.

I am, your little member.

SALLIE M. JEFFRIES,

Botha, Fauquier county, Va.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Dear Sir,—I received my prize to-day, and appreciate it more than I can tell. Everyone thinks it is lovely, and I send many thanks for it, and as I have told you before. I love books dearly, and could be pleased no better than to have one given me. By this mall I send my photograph, which you asked me for. They were taken only about three weeks. aso.

Yours truly, LUCY B. LEAKE, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Mr. Editor.—It has been quite a while since I have had the pleasure of sending a letter to the T. D. C. C., but I ussure you that it is not because I have lost interest in its members. No one has enjoyed reading the letters more than I. I haven't missed a day from school since I last wrote. I have been on the roil of honor every week since the new year legan, and it has taken hard study, both at school and at night. I am so glad the farmers and others were so kind to the birds during the cold weather. Numbers of them came and ate with our chickens. I must tell you our experience with a defir little bird during the cold weather. Numbers of them came and at evith our chickens. I must tell you our experience with a defir little bird during the cold weather, which my father found almost frozen in the stable. He brought it to the house, and after it thawed out it flew around contented and happy, and ate heartily of bread crumbs. We intended setting it free as soon as the cold spell was over, but one morning when we went into the dining-froom we found it deed under the sideboard. We not doubt killed it, with kindness. We put it in a neat little box and buried it. My little sister and I formed a sad little funeral procession. Since the weather is warmer the birds are returning from their winter homes and are making the air merry with their music.

Your little friend.

ELLEN MOORE.

Gordonsville, Va.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I send you the end of my continued story this week. I am so glad spring has come, for I am treed of the cold winds and snows of the winter,

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Dear Editor—I will write to you, as I have not written for some time. If you have inken my name off the roll please put it on again. I have not forgotten the clith. I read the children's page every Sunday. I am very glad to see the clith has new members. I study six books. I like to go to school very much. Enclosed please find some conuntrums, which I lope I will sell see in next Sunday's paper, If they are not too late, Your member, I they are not too late, Your member. Lock Box 294, Gordonaville, Va. Dear Editor.—I received the badge which you sent me and appreciate it very much. I would have thanked you before this, but I've been so busy with school studes that I haven't had time. Enclosed you'll find a drawing and a piece of poetry, which I hope you will publish. I romain yours. ELIZABETH REID. 28 E. Canal Street, city.

Editor Children's Paget
Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a drawing, which I hope you will publish. You said some time ago that you wanted original work, no matter how simple it may be. I sent you some original puzzles and you took no notice of tham; hope I may see this in the paper. Yours truly, E. LOUISE SUTTON, R. F. D. No. 1, Rio Vista, Va.

Dear Editor,—I send in one story and I hope I can win a prize. This morning my teacher and I went out whiking and found some dancedis. They were growing in the yard of an old house. I am just learning to write on the typewiter, and I thought I would write you a letter on it. We have lots of votets and hyacinths. The other day papa went to a sale and he bought four cows. Their names are Cherry, Tafty, Lady Clare and Mayday. I think James Cecil's story "On the Warpath" is fine. Louise Rennedy writes lovely stories. One of your members, Julia Harrison, lives near members, but the story of the story of the story of the story.

BESSIE M. RICHARDSON,

member, BESSIE M. RICHARDSON, Talleysville, Va.

Dear Editor of The T. D. C. C.,—I am a little girl of six. I am very much interested in your good paper. I hear Miss Rives's Tales from Dickens, read with great delight, and wish all little children could hear them. I hope sh will continue those stories from great authors. Chile is my first letter. Please give me a badge.

Your little friend, I. ROUZIE, KATHERINE L. ROUZIE, Rumford, Va.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a drawing of some rabbits, and hope to see them in your paper. I received my prize last week and thank you ever so much for it and your kindness. Vesterday I went to see my little friend. She was talking about joining out-citu. She was talking and I have to sit and listen to them and I can't speak a word. I she to see all the other will you please send her a badge? I know she will write held stories. Her name is Mary Bennett, Storment, P. O. Va. You will also find some drawings by my brothers, They are so anxious to get a letter.

Your member,

Nannie I. Bristow.

Locust Hill, Va.

Dear Editor,—As it him been a long time since I have written I will try will try in the or it work not been a long time since I have written I will try will to see all the other not prove when he have not been able to speak a long time since I have write not will try when not been able to speak a long time since I have write not will try will try it to see all the other not been able to speak a long time since I have write not will try when not been able to see and the will try will try will try as the not speak a word. I sat I am happy and cheerful. I feel that I will some day have my speech and I can't speak a word. I start I will some day have my speech that I will some day have my speech and I can't speak a word. I sat I will some day have my speech and I can't speak a word. I have not

THE BLIND MAN

AND HIS DOG

There was once a blind man who was seed about by a dog. Attached to the neek of the dog was a string, so that he could guide the man. It was a warm day, and the poor little dog looked as if he would die from thirst, but his blind master did not know it. At last the dog gave a low, sad cry, as if in great pain.

Two kind boys standing near, and who had heard the pitful cry, went up to the man and told him his dog wanted water very badly, and told him if he didn't mind, they would take the suffering crature to a near-by shop, where they would procure water for it. The blind man said, "I thank you, I shall be glad if you will lead my poor little dog where he can get some nice clear water to drink." I will walt here till you bring him back." After the dog had been given fresh water by the kind shopkesper, the boys told him hew the little dog led his blind master about, and it made him feel very sorry for the billed man. He sent for him to come sud live with him in his fine house. The blind man fadly accepted the offer and went to live with his rich triend forever. His little dog remained with him and they because staunch friends. But above all, he never forgot the two little boys who brought upon him this good fortune.

THE MOORE'S CHRISTMAS.

THE MOORE'S CHRISTMAS.

(Continued and ended.)

There was a loud knocking at the door.
Mrs. Moore called Henry and told him
to go and see who it was. When Henry
went he found a gentleman at the door
with a large box, which he said was
for Mrs. Moore and the children, and
that he would see them in the morning.
They opened the box and found all
sorts of nice things, as well as money.
Mrs. Moore could not imagine who
sent them, but when the gentleman came
next morning she found it was her brother
who had gone to sea so many years ago
that she had feared he was drowned.
He told her he had plenty of mohey,
and had come home to take care of her
and the children. So they had a nice
(Christmas after all.

LOUISE NORMA ROYALL,
S14 West Grace Street, City.

NOTHING BUT A BABY. (Continued and ended.)

NOTHING BUT A BABY.

Nothing but a haby, sweet and small, Brought by the stork, over steeples tall; Nothing but a baby, with eyes so blue; Nothing but a baby, with heart so true.

Nothing but a baby with curls so bright, It came to our house one moonshiney night.
Mother thinks it's sweet and father does,
too; And we all know that they are quite true.
Composed by SUSIE N. BLAIR.
Scottsville, Va. Age 9 years.

have planted some chrysanthemums, hyacinhas and pansies. I am going to the unveiling of the monument at Appermantox Courinouse on the 10th of April. I will write you all about my trip when I come back. I think Mary M. Pratt writes aplendid poetry. She lives about eight inles from my home, and I know her very well. Your little friend. LOUISE HARRISON MCRAW. Andersonville, Va. Willow of The Times Dispatch. FOR MARCH.

Miss Jessie A. Reid, of Radford, Va. Master James Cecil, 808 East Grace Street, city.

PRIZE WINNERS

Emily G. Hall, 2215 West Main Street, ofty, for contribution to Puzzle De-partment.

Minnie A. Pearson, Pearisburg, Va., for a Drawing. Marion Allen, 314 South Pine Street, city,

CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBU-Anderson, Bradley Kennedy, Louise

Biair, Susie N. Bristow, N. L. Bristow, R. Bristow, Robt. Crowder, Lucile Cooper, Bessie B. Calisch, Mildred Connell, D., Jr. Cox, William Cowan, Sallie Cowan, Saille
Forbes, Bernard
Faulconer, H.
Fitz, Annie May
Fox, James J.
Ford, Katie
Gary, Roy.
Hobson, Hesta D.
Hundley, John
Hall, Emily G.
Haynes, Mary
Heisler, Jos. Haynes, Mary Heisler, Jos. Heisler, Etta Jacobs, Lenora Jones, Walter Jeffries, S. M.

Allen, Marion
Allen, Robt. W.
Beyrin, C. E.
Bristow, S.
Black, J. T.
Black, J. T.
Black, J. W.
Bristow, N. L.
Bristow, N. L.
Bristow, N. L.
Morre, Ellen
Mortagna, J.
Morreng, P.
Lesteiger, Ella M.
Meister, O. L.
Moore, Ellen
Mortagna, J.
Morran, Bassie Morgan, Bessie McCraw, L. H. McNeel, R. W. Pearson, M. A. Phillips, M. C. Richardson, B. M Royall, L. N. Sutton, E. L. Rouzle, K. L. Smith, Eddle H. Scruggs, Hattle L. Smithe, M. V. L. Seal, Herbort Stansbury, Ruth Satterwhite, S. L. Thoimer, H. Tucker, Leslie Tholmes, Leslie Vitsky, Dora Walton, J. H. Willis Total

A POT OF EASTER LILIES

Worrell, Willi Waller, Robt.

Young, Ethel L.

Lame Jack sat on the doorstep in the sunshine, trying to warm his poor little body by God's bright rays. His face was white and pinened from the pain which wars slowly killing him. His mother was a widow and had to leave him alone all day, while she was out working, and he was so lenely, until she came home at night and would cuddle her boy up in her arms and rest his weary little frame. As he looked down the stretch he saw a little girl coming towards him with a pot of lovely Easter Illies in her arms, into the gaic she came, and, with a smile, held out the filles. "They are for you, said she, and he he had a smile, held out the filles." They are for you, said she, and yelles, with a cry of delight, classed them to his breast. "Oh, thank you, thank you, the said, when he could speek, if his little heart was full, and Ellisie Lee was satisfied that her pocket money find been well spent when she saw how her gift had been accepted. That night, when Jack's mother came home, she found him fast asleep, with his thin little hand resting lovingly on his preclous lilles, and when he opened his eyes and saw her there, he cried out: "Mother, look, look! Are they not love 117" What those Illies were to Jack, no one fally knows, but each day, when his a smile on his face instead of the tired frown.

MILDREED VAN INGEN SMITH. Lame Jack sat on the doorstep in the

MILDRED VAN INGEN SMITH. 600 East Clay Street, City.

WHEN LITTLE BROTHER'S SORRY

When little brother's sorfy.
At first he pouts awhile,
And then about his dimpled mouth
There grows a tiny smile;
He looks at sister sidewise
And creeping cery near,
He offers her his rocking horse,
The toy he holds most dear!

But sister shakes her flaxen head;
"Why, then," he eries, "my kite?"
My krife? My candy ilon?
(I'we only had one bitel)
Yon won't have any toys at all?
Why, then, I'll give you this!
Because, yon see, I'm sorry,
So sister, take a kiss!"
Selected by DORA VITSKY,
306 College Street, city.

THE SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN On the 26th of April, 1007, the ships came into-the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. The capes through which they passed were Cape Henry and Cape Charles in honor of James I. Into the bay flowed a broad river called James. The settlers sailed up the river on the 13th of May and landed on a peninsula, which is now an island on the north side of the river, and there tegmt the settlement of Jamestown.

This was the real beginning of the English colonies in America.

By JESSIE HELEN WALTON.

Penrith, Cumberland county, Va.

A HAPPY CHANGE.

BY MILDRED CALISCH. Down in the dirty, dingy streets of dondon, in an old saley, there was a little dirty log put, where there lived an old woman. She had to see and knit to make her living. One Christmas night someons left in little baby. Mrs. Guming was the old woman's marne, With a deep sigh of pleasure she lifted the babe and carried it in the house. She saw the baby was some rich person's child, for a gold locket, with the words. "Alice Dagnet," on it hung at its neck. She started when she saw it, for the name of her married daughter was "Alice Dagner," She knew that was her grandchild.

(To be continued.)

MY PET HEN. My birthday is on the 27th of May, and my grandmother gave me a small chicken for a present. It grew to he a very large and present, and as tame as she could be. Then I set her on fifteen or her own eggs. Bits lived to see some of her chickens grown and then died; after having suffered a long time. HESTER HOBSON. Richmond, Va.



SPRING IS HERE